THE

HISTORY

OF

Little Goody Two-Shoes;

Otherwise called

Mrs. MARGERY TWO-SHOES.

With the means by which ſhe acquired her Learning and Wiſdom, and, in conſequence thereof, her Eſtate.

Set forth at large for the Benefit of thoſe

Who from a ſtate of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair,
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And gallop in a Coach and Six.

From the original Manuſcript in the Vatican at Rome, and the Cuts by Michael Angelo, illuſtrated with the Comments of our great modern Critics.

WITH CUTS.

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TO ALL YOUNG

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

WHO ARE GOOD,

OR INTEND TO BE GOOD,

THIS BOOK

IS INSCRIBED BY

THEIR OLD FRIEND

THE EDITOR.

THE HISTORY OF

Little Goody Two-Shoes;

PART I.

INTRODUCTION, by the Editor.

ALL the world muſt allow that Two-Shoes was not her real Name. No; her fathers name was Meanwell; and he was for many years a conſiderable farmer in the pariſh where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes which he met with in buſineſs, and the wicked perſecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer called Graſpall, he was effectually ruined.

The caſe was thus. The pariſh of Mouldwell, where they lived, had for many ages been let by the Lord of the Manor into twelve different farms, in which the tenants lived comfortably, brought up

large families, and carefully ſupported the poor people who laboured for them; until the eſtate, by marriage, and by death, came into the hands of Sir Timothy.

This Gentleman, who loved himſelf better than all his neighbours, thought it leſs trouble to write one receipt for his rent than twelve, and farmer Graſpall offering to take all the farms as the leaſes expired, Sir Timothy agreed with him, and in proceſs of time he was poſſeſſed of every farm, but that occupied by little Margery's father; which he alſo wanted; for as Mr. Meanwell was a charitable good man, he ſtood up for the poor at the pariſh meetings, and was unwilling to have them oppreſſed by Sir Timothy, and this avaricious farmer.—Judge, oh! kind, humane, and courteous reader, what a terrible ſituation the poor muſt be in, when this covetous man was perpetual overſeer, and every thing for their maintenance, was drawn from his hard heart and cruel hand. But he was not only perpetual overſeer, but perpetual church-warden; and judge, oh ye Chriſtians, what ſtate the church muſt be in, when ſupported by a man without religion or virtue. He was alſo perpetual ſurveyor of the highways, and what ſort of roads he kept up for the convenience of travellers, thoſe beſt know who have had the misfortune to be obliged to paſs through that pariſh. Complaints indeed were made, but to what purpoſe are complaints, when brought againſt a man who can hunt, drink,

and ſmoke with the Lord of the Manor, who is alſo the Juſtice of Peace?

The oppoſition which little Margery's father made to this man's tyranny, gave offence to Sir Timothy, who endeavoured to force him out of his farm; and to oblige him to throw up the leaſe, ordered both a brick-kiln and a dog-kennel to be erected in the farmer's orchard. This was contrary to law, and a ſuit was commenced, in which Margery's father got the better. The ſame offence was again committed three different times, and as many actions brought, in all of which the farmer had a verdict and coſts paid him; but notwithſtanding theſe advantages, the law was ſo expenſive, that he was ruined in the conteſt, and obliged to give up all he had to his Creditors: which effectually anſwered the purpoſe of Sir Timothy, who erected thoſe nuiſances in the farmer's orchard with that intention only. Ah, my dear reader, we brag of liberty, and boaſt of our laws, but the bleſſings of the one, and the protection of the other ſeldom fall to the lot of the poor; and eſpecially when a rich man is their adverſary. How, in the name of goodneſs, can a poor wretch obtain redreſs, when thirty pounds are inſufficient to try his cauſe? Where is he to find money to fee counſel, or how can he plead his cauſe himſelf (even if he was permitted) when our laws are ſo obſcure, and ſo multiplied, that an abridgement of them cannot be contained in fifty volumes in folio?

As ſoon as Mr. Meanwell had called together his creditors, Sir Timothy ſeized for a year's rent and turned the farmer, his wife, little Margery and her brother out of doors, without any of the neceſſaries of life to ſupport them.

This elated the heart of Mr. Graſpall, this crowned his hopes, and filled the meaſure of his Iniquity; for beſides gratifying his revenge, this man's overthrow gave him the ſole dominion of the poor, whom he depreſſed and abuſd in a manner too horrible to mention.

Margery's father flew into another pariſh for ſuccour, and all thoſe who were able to move left their dwellings and ſought employment elſewhere, as they found it would be impoſſible to live under the Tyranny of two ſuch people. The very old,

the very lame, and the blind were obliged to ſtay behind, and whether they were ſtarved or what became of them, hiſtory does not ſay; but the characters of the great Sir Timothy, and his avaricious tenant, were ſo infamous, that nobody would work for them by the day, and ſervants were afraid to engage themſelves by the year, leſt any unforeſeen accident ſhould leave them pariſhioners in a place, where they knew they muſt periſh miſerably; ſo that great part of the land lay untilled for ſome years, which was deemed a juſt reward for ſuch diabolical proceedings.

But what, ſays the reader, can occaſion all this? Do you intend this for children, Mr. Editor? Why, do you ſuppoſe this is written by Mr. Editor, Sir? This may come from another hand.—This is not the Book, Sir, mentioned in the Title, but the Introduction to that Book; and it is intended, Sir, not for thoſe ſort of children, but for children of ſix feet high, of which, as my friend has juſtly obſerved, there are many millions in the kingdom; and theſe reflections, Sir, have been rendered neceſſary, by the unaccountable and diabolical ſcheme which many gentlemen now give into, of laying a number of farms into one, and very often a whole pariſh into one farm; which in the end muſt reduce the common people to a ſtate of vaſſalage, worſe than that under the Barons of old, or of the Clans in Scotland; and will in time depopulate the kingdom. But as you are tired of the ſubject,

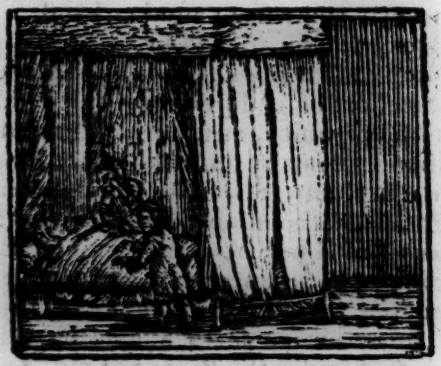
I ſhall take myſelf away, and you may viſit Little Margery. So Sir, your ſervant,

The EDITOR.

CHAP. I.

How and about Little Margery and her Brother.

CARE and diſcontent ſhortened the days of little Margery's father:—He was forced from his family, and ſeized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James's powder was not to be had, and where he died miſerably. Margery's poor mother ſurvived the loſs of her huſband but a few days and



died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world: but, poor woman,

it would have melted your heart to have ſeen how frequently ſhe heaved up her head, while ſhe lay ſpeechleſs, to ſurvey with languiſhing looks her little orphans, as much as to ſay, Do Tommy, do Margery, come with me. They cried, poor things, and ſhe ſighed away her ſoul; and I hope is happy.

It would both have excited your pity, and have done your heart good, to have ſeen how fond theſe two little ones were of each other, and how, hand in hand, they trotted about. Pray ſee them.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two ſhoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing poor things to ſupport them (not being in their own pariſh) but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relations took no

notice of them; no, they were rich, and aſhamed to own ſuch a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and ſuch a dirty little curl-pated boy as Tommy. Our relations and friends ſeldom take notice of us when we are poor; but as we grow rich they grow fond: and this will always be the caſe, while people love money better than virtue, or better than they do God Almighty, but ſuch wicked folks, who love nothing but money, and are proud and deſpiſe the poor, never come to any good in the end, as we ſhall ſee by and by.

CHAP. II.

How and about Mr. Smith.

Mr. SMITH was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the pariſh where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation upon a viſit to him, who was a charitable good man, he ſent for theſe children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of ſhoes, gave Mr. Smith ſome money to buy her clothes; and ſaid he would take Tommy, and make him a little ſailor; and accordingly had a Jacket and Trowſers made for him, in which he now appears. Pray look at him.

After ſome days, the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him, of whom you will know more by and by, for we ſhall at a proper time preſent you with ſome part of his hiſtory, his travels and adventures.

The parting between theſe two little children was very affecting, Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kiſſed each other an hundred times. At laſt Tommy thus wiped off her tears with the end of his Jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again, when he returned from ſea. However, as they were ſo very fond, the gentleman would not ſuffer them to take leave of each other; but told Tommy he ſhould ride out with him, and come back at night. When night came, little Margery grew very uneaſy about

her brother, and after ſitting up as late as Mrs Smith would let her, ſhe went crying to bed.

CHAP. 3.

How little Margery obtained the name of Goody-Two-Shoes, and what happened in the Pariſh.

AS ſoon as little Margery got up in the morning, which was very early, ſhe ran all round the village, crying for her brother; and after ſome time returned greatly diſtreſſed. However, at this inſtant, the ſhoe-maker very opportunely came in with the new ſhoes, for which ſhe had been meaſured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have ſupported little Margery under the affliction ſhe was in for the loſs of her brother, but the pleaſure ſhe took in her two ſhoes.

She run out to Mrs. Smith as ſoon as they were put on, and ſtroking down her ragged apron thus,

cried out, Two-Shoes, Mame, ſee Two-Shoes. And ſo ſhe behaved to all the people ſhe met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Two-Shoes, though her play-mates called her Old Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very charitable and good to her, and had agreed to breed her up with their family; but as ſoon as that tyrant of the pariſh, that Graſpall, heard of her being there, he applied firſt to Mr. Smith, and threatened to reduce his tythes if he kept her; and after that he ſpoke to Sir Timothy, who ſent Mr. Smith a peremptory meſſage by his ſervant, that he ſhould

ſend back Meanwell's girl to be kept by her relations and not harbour her in the pariſh. This ſo diſtreſſed Mr. Smith that he ſhed tears, and cried; "Lord have mercy on the poor!"

The prayers of the righteous fly upwards, and reach unto the throne of heaven, as will be ſeen in in the ſequel.

Mrs. Smith was alſo greatly concerned at being thus obliged to diſcard poor little Margery. She kiſſed her and cried;

as alſo did Mr. Smith, but they were obliged to ſend her away; for the people who had ruined her father, could at any time have ruined them.

CHAP. IV.

How Little Margery learned to read, and by Degrees taught others.

LITTLE Margery ſaw how good and how wiſe Mr. Smith was, and concluded, that this was owing to his great learning: therefore ſhe wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpoſe ſhe uſed to meet the little boys and girls as they came from ſchool, borrow their books, and ſit down and read till they returned:

By this means ſhe ſoon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following ſcheme for inſtructing thoſe who were more ignorant than

herſelf. She found, that only the following letters were required to ſpell all the words in the world; but as ſome of theſe letters are large, and ſome ſmall, ſhe with her knife cut out of ſeveral pieces of wood ten ſets of each of theſe:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r ſ s t u v w x y z.

And ſix ſets of theſe:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O
P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

And having got an old Spelling Book, ſhe made her companions ſet up all the words they wanted to ſpell, and after that ſhe taught them to compoſe ſentences. You know what a ſentence is, my dear; I will be good, is a ſentence; and is made up, as you ſee, of ſeveral words.

The uſual Manner of Spelling, or carrying on the Game, as they called it, was this: Suppoſe the word to be ſpelt was Plum Pudding (and who can ſuppoſe a better?) the children were placed in a circle, and the firſt brought the letter P, the next l, the next u, the next m, and ſo on till the whole was ſpelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was at their play; and every morning ſhe uſed to go

round to teach the children with theſe rattle-traps in a baſket, as you ſee in the print.

I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted, as you may be if you pleaſe to look into the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

How little Two-Shoes became a trotting Tutoreſs, and how ſhe taught her young Pupils.

IT was about ſeven o'clock in the morning when we ſet out on this important buſineſs, and the firſt houſe we came to was Farmer Wilſon's. See here it is.

Here Margery ſtopped, and ran up to the door. Tap, tap, tap. Who's there? Only Little Goody

Two-Shoes, anſwered Margery, come to teach Billy. Oh Little Goody, ſays Mrs. Wilſon, with pleaſure in her face, I am glad to ſee you, Billy wants you ſadly, for he has learned all his leſſon. Then out came the little boy. How do, Doody-Two-Shoes, ſays he, not being able to ſpeak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for ſhe threw down the Alphabet mixed together thus:

b d f h k m o q s u w y z ſ
a c e g i l n p r t v x j

and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order thus:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r ſ s t u v w x y z

She then threw down the Alphabet of Capital Letters in the manner you here ſee them:

B D F H R M O Q S U W Y Z
A C E G I L N P R T V X J.

and he picked them all up, and having told their names, he placed them thus:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Now, pray, little reader, take this bodkin, and ſee if you can point out the Letters from theſe mixed Alphabets, and tell how they ſhould be placed as well as little boy Billy.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpſon's and here it is.

Bow, wow, wow, ſays the dog at the door. Sirrah,

ſays his miſtreſs, what do you bark at Little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here, Sally wants you ſadly ſhe has learned all her leſſon. Then out came the little one: So Madge! ſays ſhe; ſo Sally anſwered the other, have you learned your leſſon? Yes, that's what I have, replied the little one in the country manner; and immediately taking the Letters ſhe ſet them up theſe Syllables:

ba be bi bo bu, ca ci co cu
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu

and gave them their exact Sounds as ſhe compoſed them; after which ſhe ſet up the following:

ac ec ic oc uc, ad ed id od ud
af ef if of uf, ag eg ig og ug

And pronounced them likewiſe. She then ſung the Cuzz's Chorus (which may be found in the Little Pretty Play-Thing,) and to the ſame Tune to which it is there ſet.

After this, Little Two Shoes taught her to ſpell Words of one Syllable, and ſhe ſoon ſet up Pear, Plumb, Top, Ball, Pin, Puſs, Dog, Hog, Fawn, Buck, Doe, Lamb, Sheep, Ram, Cow, Bull, Cock, Hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cock's Cottage; there you ſee it before you.

Here a Number of poor Children were met to learn; who all came round little Margery at once; and having pulled out her Letters, ſhe aſked the little Boy next her, what he had for Dinner? Who anſwered Bread, (the poor Children in many Places live very hard) Well, then, ſays ſhe, ſet the firſt Letter. He put up the Letter B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it ſtood thus, Bread.

And what had you, Polly Comb, for your Dinner! Apple-pye, anſwered the little Girl: Upon which the next in Turn ſet up a great A, the two next a p each, and ſo on till the two Words Apple and Pye were united and ſtood thus, Apple-pye.

The next had Potatoes, the next Beef and Turnips, which were ſpelt with many others, till the

Game of Spelling was finiſhed. She then ſet them another Taſk, and we proceeded.

The next Place we came to was Farmer Thompſon's where there were a great many little ones waiting for her.

So, little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes, ſays one of them, where have you been ſo long? I have been teaching, ſays ſhe, longer than I intended, and am afraid I am come to ſoon for you now. No, but indeed you are not, replied the other; for I have got my Leſſon, and ſo has Sally Dawſon, and ſo has Harry Wilſon, and ſo have we all; and they capered about as if they were overjoyed to ſee her. Why then, ſays ſhe, you are all very good, and God Almighty will love you; ſo let us begin our Leſſons. They all huddled round her, and though at the other Place they were employed about Words and Syllables, here we had People of much greater Underſtanding, who dealt only in Sentences.

The Letters being brought upon the Table, one of the little ones ſet up the following Sentence:

"The Lord have Mercy upon me, and grant that I may be always good, and ſay my Prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my Heart, with all my Soul, and with all my Strength; and honour the King, and all good Men in Authority under him."

Then the next took the Letters and compoſed this Sentence:

"Lord have Mercy upon me, and grant that I may love my Neighbour as myſelf, and do unto all

Men as I would have them do unto me, and tell no Lies; but be honeſt and juſt in all my Dealings."

The third compoſed the following Sentence:

"The Lord have Mercy upon me, and grant that I may honour my Father and Mother, and love my Brothers and Siſters, Relations and Friends, and all my Playmates, and every Body, and endeavour to make them happy."

The fourth compoſed the following:

"I pray God to bleſs this whole Company, and all our Friends, and all our Enemies."

To this laſt Polly Sullen objected, and ſaid, Truly, ſhe did not know why ſhe ſhould pray for her Enemies? Not pray for your Enemies, ſays little Margery; yes, you muſt, you are no Chriſtian, if you don't forgive your Enemies, and do Good for Evil. Polly ſtill pouted; upon which little Margery ſaid, though ſhe was Poor, and obliged to lie in a Barn, ſhe would not keep Company with ſuch a naughty, proud, perverſe Girl as Polly; and was going away; however, the Difference was made up, and ſhe ſet them to compoſe the following

LESSONS

FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

LESSON I.

He that will thrive,
Muſt riſe by Five.

He that hath thriv'n,
May lay till Seven.
Truth may be blam'd,
But cannot be ſham'd.
Tell me with whom ye go,
And I'll tell what you do.
A Friend in your Need,
Is a Friend indeed.
They ne'er can be wiſe,
Who good Counſel deſpiſe.

LESSON II.

A wiſe Head makes a cloſe Mouth.
Don't burn your Lips with another Man's Broth.
Wit is Folly, unleſs a wiſe Man hath the keeping of it.
Uſe ſoft Words and hard Arguments.
Honey catches more Flies than Vinegar.
To forget a Wrong is the beſt Revenge.
Patience is a Plaiſter for all Sores
Where Pride goes, Shame will follow.
When Vice enters the Room, Vengeance is near the Door.
Induſtry is Fortune's right Hand, and Frugality her Left.
Make much of Three-pence, or you ne'er will be worth a Groat.

LESSON III.

A Lie ſtands upon one Leg, but Truth upon Two.

When a Man talks much, believe but Half what he ſays.
Fair Words butter no Parſnips.
Bad Company poiſons the Mind.
A covetous Man is never ſatisfied.
Abundance, like Want, ruins many.
Contentment is the beſt Fortune.
A contented Mind is a continual Feaſt.

A LESSON in Religion.

Love God, for he is good.
Fear God, for he is juſt.
Pray to God, for all good Things come from him.
Praiſe God, for great is his Mercy towards us, and wonderful are all his Works.
Thoſe who ſtrive to be Good have God on their Side.
Thoſe who have God for their Friend ſhall want nothing.
Confeſs your Sins to God, and if you repent he will forgive you.
Remember that all you do, is done in the Preſence of God.
The Time will come, my Friends, when we muſt give
Account to God, how we on Earth did live.

A Moral LESSON.

A good Boy will make a good Man.

Honour your Parents, and the World will honour you.
Love your Friends, and your Friends will love you.
He that ſwims in Sin, will ſink in Sorrow.
Learn to live as you would wiſh to die.

"As you expect all Men ſhould deal by you,
"So deal by them, and give each Man his due."

As we were returning home, we ſaw a gentleman, who was very ill, ſitting under a ſhady tree, at the corner of his rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with little Margery, and ſaid, laughingly. So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little Baggage: Pray, can you tell me what I ſhall do to get well? Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, go to bed

when your rooks do. You ſee they are going to reſt already;

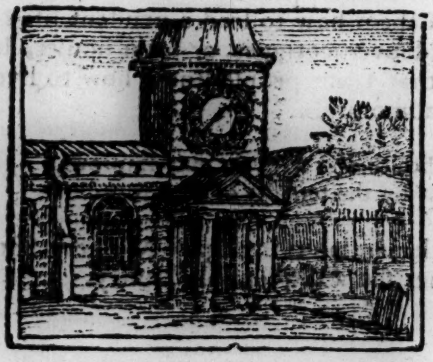
Do you ſo likewiſe, and get up with them in the morning; earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn; and you will get health and keep it. What ſhould induce the rooks to frequent gentlemen's houſes only, but to tell them how to lead a prudent life? They never build over cottages or farm houſes, becauſe they ſee, that theſe people know how to live without their admonition.

"Thus health and wit you may improve,
"Taught by the tenants of the grove."

The Gentleman laughing, gave Margery Sixpence, and told her ſhe was a ſenſible Huſſey.

CHAP. VI.

How the whole Pariſh was frightened.



WHO does not know Lady Ducklington, Or who does not know that ſhe was buried at this pariſh church?

Well, I never ſaw ſo grand a funeral in all my life; but the money they ſquandered away, would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink, and clothes for the poor.

This is a fine hearſe indeed, and the nodding plumes on the horſes look very grand; but what end does that anſwer, otherwiſe than to diſplay the pride of the living, or the vanity of the dead. Fie upon ſuch folly, ſay I, and heaven grant that thoſe who want more ſenſe may have it.

But all the country round came to ſee the burying, and it was late before the corpſe was interred. After which, in the night, or rather about four o'clock in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the ſteeple, which frightened the people prodigiouſly, who all thought it was lady Ducklington's ghoſt dancing among the bell ropes. The people flocked to Will Dobbins the clerk, and wanted him to go and ſee what it was; but William ſaid, he was ſure it was a ghoſt, and that he would not offer to open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing ſuch an uproar in the village, went to the clerk, to know why he did not go into the church, and ſee who was there. I go, Sir, ſays William, why the ghoſt would frighten me out of my wits—Mrs Dobbins too cried, and laying hold of her huſband ſaid, he ſhould not be eat up by the

ghoſt. A ghoſt, ye blockheads, ſays Mr. Long, in a pet, did either of you ever ſee a ghoſt, or know any body that did? Yes, ſays the clerk, my father did once in the ſhape of a windmill, and it walked all round the church in a white ſheet, with Jack Boots on, and had a gun by its ſide inſtead of a ſword. A fine picture of a ghoſt truly, ſays Mr. Long, give me the key of the church, you monkey; for I tell you there is no ſuch thing now, whatever may have been formerly.—Then taking the key, he went to the church, all the people following him. As ſoon as he had opened the door, what ſort of a ghoſt do you think appeared? Why little Two-

Shoes, who being weary, had fallen aſleep in one of the pews during the funeral ſervice, and was ſhut in all night. She immediately aſked Mr.

Long's pardon for the trouble ſhe had given him, told him, ſhe had been locked into the church, and ſaid, ſhe ſhould not have rung the bells, but that ſhe was very cold, and hearing farmer Boult's man go whiſtling by with his horſes, ſhe was in hopes he would have went to the clerk for the key to let her out.

CHAP. VII.

Containing an Account of all the Spirits, or Ghoſts, ſhe ſaw in the Church.

THE people were aſhamed to aſk little Madge any queſtions before Mr. Long; but as ſoon as he was gone, they all got round her to ſatisfy their curioſity, and deſired ſhe would give them a particular account of all that ſhe had heard and ſeen.

HER TALE.

I went to the church, ſaid ſhe, as moſt of you did laſt night, to ſee the burying, and being very weary, I ſat me down in Mr. Jones's pew, and fell faſt aſleep. At eleven of the clock I awoke; which I believe was in ſome meaſure occaſioned by the clock's ſtriking, for I heard it. I ſtarted up, and could not at firſt tell where I was; but after ſome time I recollected the funeral, and ſoon found

that I was ſhut in the church. It was diſmal dark, and I could ſee nothing; but while I was ſtanding in the pews, ſomething jumped upon me behind, and laid, as I thought its hands over my ſhoulders, I own, I was a little afraid at firſt; however, I conſidered that I had always been conſtant at prayers and at church, and that I had done nobody any harm, but had endeavoured to do what good I could; and then, thought I, what have I to fear? Yet I kneeled down to ſay my prayers. As ſoon as I was on my knees, ſomething very cold, as cold as marble, ay, as cold as ice, touched my neck, which made me ſtart; however, I continued my prayers and having begged protection from Almighty God, I found my ſpirits revive, and I was ſenſible that I had nothing to fear; for God Almighty protects not only all thoſe who are good, but alſo all thoſe who endeavour to be good—Nothing can withſtand the power, or exceed the goodneſs of God Almighty. Armed with the confidence of his protection, I walked down the church aiſle, when I heard ſomething pit pat, pit pat, pit pat, come after me, and ſomething touched my hand which ſeemed as cold as a marble monument, I could not think what this was, yet I knew it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myſelf eaſy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with ſtone, which was very damp, I felt my way as well as I could to the pulpit, in doing which ſomething bruſhed paſt me, and almoſt threw me down.

However I was not frightened, for I knew that God Almighty would ſuffer nothing to hurt me.

At laſt, I found out the pulpit, and having ſhut the door, I laid me down on the mat and cuſhion to ſleep; when ſomething thruſt and pulled the door, as I thought for admittance, which prevented my going to ſleep. At laſt it cries, Bow, wow, wow; and I concluded it muſt be Mr. Sanderſon's dog, which had followed me from their houſe to church; ſo I opened the door, and called Snip, Snip, and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a moſt comfortable nap: for when I awoke again, it was almoſt light. I then walked up and down all the aiſles of the church to keep myſelf warm; and though I went into the vaults, and trod on Lady Ducklington's coffin, I ſaw no ghoſt, and I believe it was owing to the reaſon Mr. Long has given you, namely, that there is no ſuch thing to be ſeen. As to my part, I would as ſoon lie all night in the church, as in any other place; and I am ſure that any little boy or girl, who is good and loves God Almighty, and keeps his commandments, may as ſafely lie in the church, or the church-yard, as any where elſe, if they take care not to get cold: for I am ſure there are no ghoſts, either to hurt or frighten them; though any one poſſeſſed of fear might have taken neighbour Sanderſon's dog with his cold noſe for a ghoſt; and if they had not been

undeceived, as I was, would never have thought otherwiſe. All the company acknowledged the juſtneſs of the obſervation, and thanked little Two-Shoes for her advice.

REFLECTION.

After this, my dear children, I hope you will not believe any fooliſh ſtories that ignorant, weak, or deſigning people may tell you about ghoſts; for the tales of ghoſts, witches and fairies, are the frolics of a diſtempered brain. No wiſe man ever ſaw either of them. Little Margery you ſee was not afraid: no, ſhe had good ſenſe, and a good conſcience, which is a cure for all theſe imaginary evils.

CHAP. VIII.

Of ſomething that happened to little Two-Shoes in a Barn, more dreadful than the Ghoſt in the Church; and how ſhe returned Good for Evil to her Enemy, Sir Timothy.

Some days after this, a more dreadful accident befel little Madge. She happened to be coming late from teaching, when it rained, thundered, and lightened, and therefore ſhe took ſhelter in a farmer's barn, at a diſtance from the village. Soon

after, the tempeſt drove in four thieves, who, not ſeeing ſuch a little creep mouſe girl as Two-Shoes,

lay down on the hay next to her, and began to talk over their exploits, and to ſettle plans for future robberies. Little Margery on hearing them, covered herſelf with ſtraw. To be ſure ſhe was ſadly frightened, but her good ſenſe taught her, that the only ſecurity ſhe had was in keeping herſelf concealed; therefore ſhe laid very ſtill, and breathed very ſoftly. About four o'clock theſe wicked people came to a reſolution to break both Sir William Dove's houſe, and Sir Timothy Gripe's, and by force of arms to carry off all their money, plate, and jewels; but as it was thought then too late, they agreed to defer it till the next night. After laying this ſcheme, they all ſet out upon

their pranks, which greatly rejoiced Margery, as it would any other little girl in her ſituation. Early in the morning ſhe went to Sir William, and told him the whole of their converſation. Upon which, he aſked her name, gave her ſomething, and bid her call at his houſe the day following. She alſo went to Sir Timothy, notwithſtanding he had uſed her ſo ill; for ſhe knew it was her duty to do good for evil. As ſoon as he was informed who ſhe was, he took no notice of her; upon which ſhe deſired to ſpeak to Lady Gripe; and having informed her Ladyſhip of the affair, ſhe went her way. This Lady had more ſenſe than her huſband, which indeed is not a ſingular caſe; for inſtead of deſpiſing little Margery and her information, ſhe privately ſet people to guard the houſe.—The robbers divided themſelves, and went about the time mentioned to both houſes, and were ſurpriſed by the guards, and taken. Upon examining theſe wretches, one of which turned evidence, both Sir William and Sir Timothy found that they owed their lives to the diſcovery made by little Margery; and the firſt took great notice of her, and would no longer let her lie in a barn; but Sir Timothy only ſaid, that he was aſhamed to owe his life to the daughter of one who was his enemy; ſo true it is, that a proud man ſeldom forgives thoſe he has injured.

CHAP. IX.

How little Margery was made Principal of a Country College.

Mrs. WILLIAMS, of whom I have given a particular account in my New Year's Gift, and who kept a college for inſtructing little gentlemen and ladies in the ſcience of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline that important truſt. This being told to Sir William Dove, who lived in the pariſh, he ſent for Mrs. Williams, and deſired ſhe would examine little Two-Shoes, and ſee whether ſhe was qualified for the office.—This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour, namely that little Margery was the beſt ſcholar, and had the beſt head, and the beſt heart, of any one ſhe had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them alſo a great opinion of Mrs. Margery; for ſo we muſt now call her.

This Mrs. Margery thought the happieſt period of her life; but more happineſs was in ſtore for her. God Almighty heaps up bleſſings for all thoſe who love him, and though for a time he may ſuffer them to be poor and diſtreſſed, and hide his good purpoſes from human ſight, yet in the end

they are generally crowned with happineſs here, and no one can doubt of their being ſo hereafter.

On this occaſion the following hymn, or rather a tranſlation of the twenty-third pſalm, is ſaid to have been written, and was ſoon after publiſhed in the Spectator.

I.

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bouuty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

Here ends the hiſtory of little Two-Shoes. Thoſe who would know how ſhe behaved after ſhe came to be Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes, muſt read the ſecond part of this work, in which an account of the remainder of her life, her marriage, and death, are ſet forth at large, according to act of parliament.

10 | 6

THE HISTORY OF

Mrs Margery Two-Shoes.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the firſt part of this work, the young ſtudent has read, and I hope with pleaſure and improvement, the hiſtory of this Lady, while ſhe was known and diſtinguiſhed by the name of Little Two-Shoes; we are now come to a period of her life when that name was diſcarded, and a more eminent one beſtowed upon her, I mean that of Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes; for as ſhe was now preſident of the A, B, C College, it became neceſſary to exalt her in tile as well as in place.

No ſooner was ſhe ſettled in this office, but ſhe laid every poſſible ſcheme to promote the welfare and happineſs of all her neighbours, and eſpecially of her little ones, in whom ſhe took great delight;

and all thoſe whoſe parents could not afford to pay for their education, ſhe taught for nothing, but the pleaſure ſhe had in their company; for you are to obſerve, that they were very good, or were ſoon made ſo by her good management.

CHAP. I.

Of her School, her Uſhers, or Aſſiſtants, and her manner of Teaching

WE have already informed the reader, that the ſchool where ſhe taught, was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams, whoſe character you may find in my New-Year's Gift. The room was large, and as ſhe knew that nature intended children ſhould be always in action, ſhe placed her different letters, or alphabets, all round the ſchool, ſo that every one was obliged to get up to fetch a letter, or to ſpell a word, when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and points firmly in their minds.

She had the following aſſiſtants or uſhers to help her, and I will tell you how ſhe came by them. Mrs. Margery, you muſt know, was very humane and compaſſionate; and her tenderneſs extended not only to all mankind, but even to all animals, that were not noxious, as yours ought to do, if you would be happy here, and go to heaven hereafter.

Theſe are God Almighty's creatures as well as we. He made both them and us; and for wiſe purpoſes, beſt known to himſelf, placed them in this world to live among us; ſo that they are our fellow tenants of the globe. How then can people dare to torture and wantonly deſtroy God Almighty's creatures? they as well as you are capable of feeling pain, and of receiving pleaſure, and how can you, who want to be made happy yourſelf, delight in making your fellow creatures miſerable? Do you think the poor birds, whoſe neſt and young ones that wicked boy, Dick Wilſon, ran away with yeſterday, do not feel as much pain as your father and mother would have felt, had any one pulled down their houſe and ran away with you? To be ſure they do. Mrs. Two-Shoes uſed to ſpeak of thoſe things, and of naughty boys throwing at cocks, torturing flies, and whipping horſes and dogs, with tears in her eyes, and would never ſuffer any one to come to her ſchool who did ſo.

One day, as ſhe was going through the next village, ſhe met with ſome wicked boys, who had got a young raven, which they were going to throw at; ſhe wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called his name Ralph, and a fine bird he is. Do look at him, and remember what Solomon ſays, the "eye that deſpiſeth his father, and regardeth not the diſtreſs of the mother, the ravens of the valley ſhall peck it

out, and the young eagles eat it." Now this bird ſhe taught to ſpeak, to ſpell, and to read; and as

he was particularly fond of playing with the large letters, the children uſed to call this Ralph's alphabet,

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O
P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

He always ſat at her elbow, as you ſee in the firſt picture, and when any of the children were wrong, ſhe uſed to call out, put them right, Ralph.

Some days after ſhe had met with the raven, as ſhe was walking in the fields, ſhe ſaw ſome naughty boys, who had taken a pigeon, and tied a ſtring to its leg, in order to let it fly, and draw it back again when they pleaſed; and by this means they tortured the poor animal with the hopes of liberty

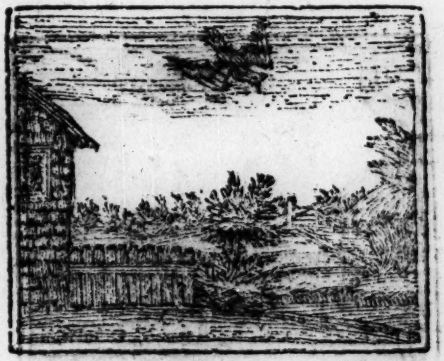
and repeated diſappointment. This Pigeon ſhe alſo bought, and taught him how to ſpell and read though not to talk; and he performed all thoſe extraordinary things which are recorded of the famous bird, that was ſome time ſince advertiſed in the Haymarket, and viſited by moſt of the great people in the kingdom. This pigeon was a very pretty fellow, and ſhe called him Tom. See here he is.

And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the ſmall ones, of which he compoſed this alphabet,

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
ſ t u v w x y z.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as to be ſure nobody was better,

made her a preſent of a little Sky-lark, and a fine bird he is,



Now as many people, even at that time, had learned to lie in bed long in the morning, ſhe thought the lark might be of uſe to her and her pupils, and tell them when to get up.

For he that is fond of his bed, and lays till noon, lives but half his days, the reſt being loſt in ſleep, which is a kind of death.

Some time after this, a poor lamb had loſt its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, ſhe bought it of him, and brought it home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule with the wiſe men of that age (and a very good one, let me tell you) to

Riſe with the lark, and lie down with the lamb.

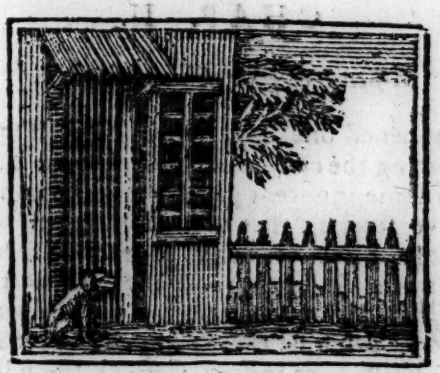
This lamb ſhe called Will, and a pretty fellow he is; do look at him.

No ſooner was Tippy the lark, and Will the balamb, brought into the ſchool, but that ſenſible rogue Ralph the raven, compoſed the following Verſe, which every little boy and girl ſhould get by heart.

Early to bed, and early to riſe,
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wiſe.

A ſly rogue; but it is true enongh; for thoſe who do not go to bed early cannot riſe early; and thoſe who do not riſe early cannot do much buſineſs. Pray, let this be told at the court, and to people who have routs and rackets.

Soon after this, a preſent was made to Mrs. Margery, of little Dog Jumper, and a pretty dog he is. Pray, look at him.



Jumper, Jumper, Jumper! He is always in a good humour, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place aſſigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, ſo that he may now be called the porter of the college. for he would let nobody go out, or any one come in, without the leave of his miſtreſs. See how he ſits, a ſaucy rogue.

Billy the ba-lamb was a cheerful fellow, and all the Children were fond of him, wherefore Mrs. Two-Soes made it a rule, that thoſe who behaved beſt ſhould have Will home with them at night to carry their ſatchel or baſket at his back, and bring

it in the morning. Turn back and ſee what a fine fellow he is, and how he trudges along.

CHAP. II.

A Scene of Diſtreſs in the School.

IT happened one day, when Mrs. Two-Shoes was diverting the children after dinner, as ſhe uſually did with ſome innocent games, or entertaining and inſtructive ſtories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones's Father being thrown from his horſe, and thought paſt all recovery; nay, the meſſenger ſaid, that he was ſeemingly dying when he came away. Poor Sally was greatly diſtreſſed, as indeed were all the ſchool, for ſhe dearly loved her father, and Mrs. Two-Shoes, and all the children dearly loved her. It is generally ſaid, that we never know the real value of our parents or friends till we have loſt them; but poor Sally felt this by affection, and her miſtreſs knew it by experience. All the ſchool were in tears, and the meſſenger was obliged to return; but before he went, Mrs. Two-Shoes, unknown to the children, ordered Tom Pigeon to go home with the man, and bring a letter to inform her how Mr. Jones did. They ſet out together, and the pigeon rode on the man's head, for the man was able to carry the pigeon, though the pigeon was not able to carry the man; if he had,

they would have been there much ſooner, for Tom pigeon was very good, and never ſtaid on an errand.

Soon after the man was gone, the pigeon was loſt, and the concern the children were under for Mr. Jones and little Sally was in ſome meaſure diverted, and part of their attention turned after Tom, who was a great favourite, and conſequently much bewailed. Mrs. Margery, who knew the great uſe and neceſſity of teaching children to ſubmit cheerfully to the will of Providence, bid them wipe away their tears, and then kiſſed Sally. You muſt be a good girl, ſays ſhe, and depend upon God Almighty for his bleſſing and protection; for he is a father to the fatherleſs, and defendeth all thoſe who put their truſt in him. She then told them a ſtory, which I ſhall relate in as few words as poſſible.

The Hiſtory of Mr. Lovewell, *Father to Lady* Lucy.

Mr. Lovewell was born at Bath, and apprenticed to a laborious trade in London, which being too hard for him, he parted with his maſter by conſent, and hired himſelf as a common ſervant to a merchant in the city. Here he ſpent his leiſure hours, not as ſervants too frequently do, in drinking and ſchemes of pleaſure, but in improving his mind; and among other acquirements, he made himſelf a complete maſter of accompts. His ſobriety, ho-

neſty, and the regard he paid to his maſter's intereſt, greatly recommended him in the whole family, and he had ſeveral offices of truſt committed to his charge, in which he acquitted himſelf ſo well, that the merchant removed from the ſtable into the counting-houſe.

Here he ſoon made himſelf maſter of the buſineſs, and became ſo uſeful to the merchant, that in regard to his faithful ſervices, and the affection he had for him, he married him to his own niece, a prudent agreeable young lady; and gave him a ſhare in the buſineſs. See what honeſty and induſtry will do for us. Half the great men in London, I am told, have made themſelves by this means; and who would but be honeſt and induſtrious, when it is ſo much our intereſt and our duty.

After ſome years the merchant died, and left Mr. Lovewell poſſeſſed of many fine ſhips at ſea, and much money; and he was happy in a wife, who had brought him a ſon and two daughters, all beautiful and obedient. The treaſures and good things, however, of this life, are ſo uncertain, that a man can never be happy, unleſs he lays the foundation for it in his own mind. So true is that copy in our writing books, which tells us, that "a contented mind is a continual feaſt."

After ſome years ſucceſsful trade, he thought his circumſtances ſufficient to inſure his own ſhips, or, in other words, to ſend his ſhips and goods to ſea

without being insured by others, as is customary among merchants; when unfortunately for him, four of them richly laden were lost at sea. This he supported with becoming resolution; but the next mail brought him advice, that nine others were taken by the French, with whom we were then at war; and this, together with the failure of three foreign merchants whom he had trusted, completed his ruin. He was then obliged to call his creditors together, who took his effects, and being angry with him for the imprudent step of not insuring his ships, left him destitute of all subsistence. Nor did the flatterers of his fortune, those who had lived by his bounty when in his prosperity, pay the least regard either to him or his family. So true is another copy, that you will find in your writing book, which says, "Misfortunes try our friends." All those slights of his pretended friends, and the ill usage of his creditors, both he and his family bore with christian fortitude: but other calamities fell upon him, which he felt more sensibly.

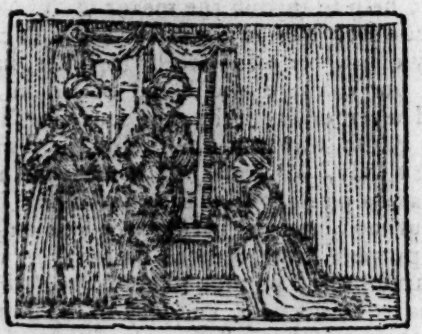
In this distress, one of his relations, who lived at Florence offered to take his son, and another, who lived at Barbadoes, sent for one of his daughters. This ship which his son sailed in was cast away, and all the crew supposed to be lost; and the ship, in which his daughter went a passenger, was taken by pirates, and one post brought the miserable father an account of the loss of his two

children.—This was the ſevereſt ſtroke of all: It made him completely wretched, and he knew it muſt have a dreadful effect on his wife and daughter; he therefore endeavoured to conceal it from them. But the perpetual anxiety he was in, together with the loſs of his appetite and want of reſt, ſoon alarmed his wife. She found ſomething was labouring in his breaſt, which was concealed from her; and one night being diſturbed in a dream, with what was ever in his thought, and calling out upon his dear children; ſhe awoke him, and inſiſted upon knowing the cauſe of his inquietude. Nothing, my dear, nothing, ſays he, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord." This was ſufficient to alarm the poor woman; ſhe lay till his ſpirits were compoſed, and as ſhe thought aſleep, then ſtealing out of bed, got the keys and opened the bureau, where ſhe found the fatal account. In the height of her diſtractions, ſhe flew to her daughter's room, and waking her with her ſhrieks, put the letters into her hands. The young Lady, unable to ſupport the load of miſery, fell into a fit from which it was thought ſhe never could have been recovered. However, at laſt ſhe revived; but the ſhock was ſo great, that it entirely deprived her of her ſpeech.

Thus loaded with miſery, and unable to bear the ſlights and diſdains of thoſe who had formerly profeſſed themſelves friends, this unhappy family retired into a county, where they were unknown,

in order to hide themſelves from the world; when, to ſupport their independency, the father laboured as well as he could at huſbandry, and the mother and daughter ſometimes got ſpinning and knitting work, to help to furniſh the means of ſubſiſtence; which however was ſo precarious and uncertain, that they often, for many weeks together, lived on nothing but cabbage and bread boiled in water. But God never forſaketh the righteous, nor ſuffereth thoſe to periſh who put their truſt in him. At this time a lady, who was juſt come to England, ſent to take a pleaſant ſeat ready furniſhed in that neighbourhood, and the perſon who was employed for the purpoſe, was ordered to deliver a bank note of an hundred pounds to Mr. Lovewell, another hundred to his wife, and fifty to the daughter, deſiring them to take poſſeſſion of the houſe, and get it well-aired againſt ſhe came down, which would be in two or three days at moſt. This, to people who were almoſt ſtarving, was a ſweet and ſeaſonable relief, and they were all ſolicitous to know their benefactreſs, but of that the meſſenger himſelf was too ignorant to inform them.—However, ſhe came down ſooner than was expected, and with tears embraced them again and again: After which ſhe told the father and mother ſhe had heard from their daughter, who was her acquaintance, and that ſhe was well, and on her return to England. This was the agreeable ſubject of their converſation,

till after dinner, when drinking their healths, ſhe again with tears ſaluted them, and falling upon her knees aſked their bleſſings.—'Tis impoſſible to ex-



preſs the mutual joy which this occaſioned. Their converſation was made up of the moſt endearing expreſſions, intermingled with tears and careſſes. Their torrent of joy, however, was for a moment interrupted, by a chariot which ſtopped at the gate, and which brought, as they thought, a very unſeaſonable viſitor, and therefore ſhe ſent to be excuſed from ſeeing company.

But this had no effect, for a gentleman richly dreſſed jumped out of the chariot, and purſuing the ſervant into the parlour, ſaluted them round, who were all aſtoniſhed at his behaviour. But when the tears trickled from his cheeks, the

daughter, who had been ſome years dumb, immediately cried out, *My Brother! my Brother! my Brother!* and from that inſtant recovered her ſpeech.

The mutual joy which this occaſioned, is better felt than expreſſed.—Thoſe who have proper ſentiments of humanity, gratitude, and filial piety, will rejoice at the event; and thoſe who have a proper idea of the goodneſs of God, and his gracious providence, will from this, as well as other inſtances of his goodneſs and mercy, glorify his holy name, and magnify his wiſdom and power, who is a ſhield to the righteous, and defendeth all thoſe who put their truſt in him.

As you, my dear children, may be ſolicitous to know how this happy event was brought about, I muſt inform you that Mr. Lovewell's ſon, when the

ſhip foundered, had, with ſome others, got into the long-boat, and was taken up by a ſhip at ſea, and carried to the Eaſt Indies, where in a little time he made a large fortune; and the pirates, who took his daughter, attempted to rob her of her chaſtity; but finding her inflexible, and determined to die rather than to ſubmit, ſome of them behaved to her in a very cruel manner; but others, who had more honour and generoſity, became her defendants; upon which a quarrel aroſe between them, and the Captain, who was the worſt of the gang, being kille', the reſt of the crew carried the ſhip into a port of the Manilla iſlands, belonging to the Spaniards; where, when her ſtory was known, ſhe was treated with great reſpect, and courted by a young gentleman, who was taken ill of a fever, and died before the marriage was agreed on, but left her his whole fortune.

You ſee, my dear Sally, how wonderfully theſe people were preſerved, and made happy after ſuch extreme diſtreſs; we are therefore never to deſpair, even under the greateſt misfortunes, for God Almighty is all-powerful, and can deliver us at any time. Remember Job, but I think you have not read ſo far; take the bible, Billy Jones, and read the hiſtory of that good and patient man. At this inſtant ſomething was heard to flap at the window. Wow, wow, wow, ſays Jumper, and attempted to leap up and open the door, at which the children were ſurprized; but Mrs. Margery knowing what

it was, opened the caſement, as Noah did the window of the ark, and drew in Tom Pigeon with a letter, and ſee here he is.

As ſoon as he was placed on the table, he walked up to little Sally, and dropping the letter, cried Co, Co, Coo, as much as to ſay, there read it. Now this poor pigeon had travelled fifty miles in about an hour, to bring Sally this letter, and who would deſtroy ſuch pretty creatures.—But let us read the letter.

My dear Sally,

God Almighty has been very merciful, and reſtored your papa to us again, who is now ſo well as to be able to ſit up. I hear you are a good girl, my dear, and I hope you will never forget to praiſe the Lord for this his great goodneſs and mercy to

us.—What a ſad thing it would have been if your father had died, and left both you and me, little Tommy in diſtreſs, and without a friend:—Your father ſends his bleſſing with mine.—Be good, my dear child, and God Almighty will alſo bleſs you, whoſe bleſſing is above all things.

I am, my dear Sally,

Your ever affectionate mother,

MARTHA JONES.

CHAP III.

Of the amazing Sagacity and Inſtinct of a little Dog.

SOON after this, a dreadful accident happened in the ſchool. It was on a Thurſday morning, I very well remember, when the children having learned their leſſons ſoon, ſhe had given them leave to play, and they were all running about the ſchool, and diverting themſelves with the birds and the lamb; at this time the dog, all of a ſudden, laid hold of his miſtreſs's apron, and endeavoured to pull her out of the ſchool. She was at firſt ſurprized; however, ſhe followed him to ſee what he intended. No ſooner had he led her into the garden, but he

ran back, and pulled out one of the children in the ſame manner; upon which ſhe ordered them all to leave the ſchool immediately, and they had not been out five minutes, before the top of the houſe fell in. What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty, to ſave all theſe children from deſtruction, and to make uſe of ſuch an inſtrument, as a little ſagacious animal, to accompliſh his divine will. I ſhould have obſerved, that as ſoon as they were all in the garden, the dog came leaping round them to expreſs his joy, and when the houſe was fallen, laid himſelf down quitely by his miſtreſs.

Some of the neighbours who ſaw the ſchool fall, and who were in great pain for Margery and the little ones, ſoon ſpread the news through the village, and all the parents, terrified for their children, came crowding in abundance; they had, however, the ſatisfactoin to find them all ſafe, and upon their knees, with their miſtreſs, giving God thanks for their happy deliverance.

Advice from the Man in the Moon.

Jumper, Jumper, Jumper, what a pretty dog he is, and how ſenſible: had mankind half the ſagacity of Jumper, they would guard againſt accidents of this ſort, by having a public ſurvey occaſionally made of all the houſes in the pariſh, (eſpecially of thoſe which are old and decayed) and not ſuffer

them to remain in a crazy ſtate, 'till they fall down on the heads of the poor inhabitants, and cruſh them to death. Why, it was but yeſterday, that a whole houſe fell down in Gracechurch-ſtreet, and another in Queen-ſtreet, and an hundred more are to tumble before this time twelve months; ſo friends take care of yourſelves, and tell the legiſlature, they ought to take care for you. How can you be ſo careleſs? Moſt of your evils ariſe from careleſsneſs and extragavance, and yet you excuſe yourſelves, and lay the fault upon fortune. Fortune is a fool, and you are a blockhead, if you put it in her power to play tricks with you.

Your's,

The Man in the Moon.

You are not to wonder, my dear reader, that this little dog ſhould have more ſenſe than you, or your father, or your grandfather.

Though God Almighty has made man the Lord of the creation, and endowed him with reaſon, yet in many reſpects, he has been altogether as bountiful to other creatures of his forming. Some of the ſenſes of other animals are more acute than others, as we find by daily experience. You know this little bird ſweet Jug, Jug, Jug, 'tis a nightingale. This little creature, after ſhe has entertained

us with her ſongs all the ſpring, and bred up her little ones, flies into a foreign country, and finds

her way over the great ſea, without any of the inſtruments and helps which men are obliged to make uſe of for that purpoſe. Was you as wiſe as the nightingale, you might make all the ſailors happy, and have twenty thouſand pounds for teaching them the longitude.

You would not think Ralph the raven half ſo wiſe and ſo good as he is, though you ſee him here reading his book.—Yet when the prophet Elijah was obliged to fly from Ahab, King of Iſrael, and hide himſelf in a cave, the ravens, at the command of God Almighty, fed him every day, and preſerved his life.

" And the word of the Lord came unto Elijah,

ſaying, hide thyſelf by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. And the ravens brought him bread and fleſh in the morning, and bread and fleſh in the evening, and he drank of the Brooks," Kings, B. 1. C. 17.

And the pretty pigeons, when the world was confined with Noah in the Ark, was ſent forth by him to ſee whether the waters were abated. "And he ſent forth a dove from him, to ſee if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground. And the dove came to him in the evening; and lo, in her mouth, was an olive leaf plucked off: So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." Gen. viii. 8, 11.

As theſe, and other animals, are ſo ſenſible and kind to us, we ought to be tender and good to them, and not beat them about and kill them, and take away their young ones, as many wicked boys do. Does not the horſe and the aſs carry you and your burthens? don't the ox plough your ground? the cow give you milk, the ſheep clothe your back, the dog watch your houſe, the gooſe find you in quills to write with, the hen bring eggs for your cuſtards and puddings, and the cock call you up in the morning, when you are lazy, and like to hurt yourſelves by laying too long in bed? If ſo how can you be ſo cruel to them, and abuſe God Almighty's good creatures; go, naughty boy, go; be ſorry for what you have done, and do ſo no

more that God Almighty may forgive you. Amen, ſay I, again and again. God will bleſs you, but not unleſs you are merciful and good.

The downfall of the ſchool, was a great misfortune to Mrs. Margery; for ſhe not only loſt all her books, but was deſtitute of a place to teach in; but Sir William Dove, being informed of this, ordered the houſe to be built at his own expence, and till that could be done, farmer Grove was ſo kind, as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

The houſe built by Sir William, had a Statue erected over the door, of a boy ſliding on the ice, and under it were theſe lines, written by Mrs. Two-Shoes, and engraved at her expence.

ON SIN: A SIMILE.

As a poor Urchin on the ice,
When he has tumbled once or twice,

With cautious ſtep, and trembling goes,
The drop ſtill pendant on his noſe,
And trudges on to ſeek the ſhore,
Reſolv'd to truſt the ice no more:
But meeting with a daring mate,
Who often us'd to ſlide and ſkate,
Again is into danger led,
And fall again and breaks his head.

So youth when firſt they're drawn to ſin,
And ſee the danger they are in,
Would gladly quit the thorny way,
And think it is unſafe to ſtay;
But meeting with their wicked train,
Return with them to ſin again;
With them the paths of vice explore,
With them are ruin'd ever more.

CHAP. IV.

What happened at farmer Grove's; and how ſhe gratified him for the uſe of his room.

WHILE at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, ſhe not only taught the children in the day time, but the farmer's ſervants, and all the neighbours, to read and write in the evening; and it was a conſtant practice before they went away, to make them all go to prayers

and ſing pſalms. By this means, the people grew extremely regular, his ſervants were alſo at home, inſtead of being at the ale-houſe, and he had more work done than ever. This gave not only Mr. Grove, but all the neighbours an high opinion of her good ſenſe and prudent behaviour: And ſhe was ſo much eſteemed, that moſt of the differences in the pariſh were left to her deciſion; and if a man and wife quarrelled (which ſometimes happened in that part of the kingdom) both parties certainly came to her for advice. Every body knows that Martha Wilſon was a paſſionate ſcolding jade, and that John her huſband was a ſurly ill-tempered fellow. Theſe were one day brought by the neighbours, for Margery to talk to them, when they fairly quarrelled before her, and were going to blows, but ſhe ſtepping between them, thus addreſſed the huſband: John, ſays ſhe, you are a man, and ought to have more ſenſe than to fly in a paſſion, at every word that is ſaid amiſs by your wife; and Martha, ſays ſhe, you ought to know your duty better, than to ſay any thing to aggravate your huſband's reſentment. Theſe frequent quarrels ariſe from the indulgence of your violent paſſions; for I know you both love one another, notwithſtanding what has paſſed between you. Now, pray tell me John, and tell me Martha, when you have had a quarrel over night are you not both ſorry for it the next day? They both declared

that they were: Why then, ſays ſhe, I'll tell you how to prevent this for the future, if you will both promiſe to take my advice. They both promiſed her. You know, ſays ſhe, that a ſmall ſpark will ſet fire to tinder, and that tinder properly placed will fire a houſe; an angry word is with you as that ſpark, for you are both as touchy as tinder, and very often make your own houſe too hot to hold you. To prevent this, therefore, and to live happily for the future, you muſt ſolemnly agree that if one ſpeaks an angry word, the other will not anſwer, till he or ſhe has diſtinctly called over all the letters in the alphabet, and the other not reply, till he has told twenty; by this means your paſſions will be ſtifled, and reaſon will have time to take the rule.

This is the beſt recipe that was ever given for a married couple to live in peace: Though John and his wife frequently attempted to quarrel afterwards, they never could get their paſſions to any conſiderable height, for there was ſomething ſo droll in thus carrying on the diſpute, that before they got to the end of the argument, they ſaw the abſurdity of it, laughed, kiſſed, and were friends.

Juſt as Mrs. Margery had ſettled this difference between John and his wife, the children, (who had been ſent out to play, while that buſineſs was tranſacting) returned, ſome in tears, and others very diſconſolate, for the loſs of a little dormouſe they were very fond of, and which was juſt dead. Mrs.

Margery, who had the heart of moralizing and drawing inſtructions from every accident, took this opportunity of reading them a lecture on the uncertainty of life, and the neceſſity of being always prepared for death. You ſhould get up in the morning, ſays ſhe, and ſo conduct yourſelves, as if that day were to be your laſt, and lie down at night, as if you never expected to ſee the world any more. This may be done, ſays ſhe, without abating of your cheerfulneſs, for you are not to conſider death as an evil, but as a convenience, as an uſeful pilot, who is to convey you to a place of greater happineſs: Therefore, play, my dear children, and be merry; but be innocent and good. The good man ſets death at defiance, for his darts are only dreadful to the wicked.

After this ſhe permitted the children to bury the little dormouſe, and deſired one of them to write his epitaph, and here it is

Epitaph on a Dormouſe, really written by a little Boy.

I.

In paper caſe,
Hard by this place,
Dead a poor Dormouſe lies;
And ſoon or late,
Summon'd by fate,
Each prince, each monarch dies.

II.

Ye ſons of verſe,
While I rehearſe,
Attend inſtructive rhyme;
No ſins had Dor
To anſwer for,
Repent of your's in time.

CHAP. V.

The whole hiſtory of the Conſidering Cap, ſet forth at large for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

THE great reputation Mrs. Margery acquired by compoſing differences in families, and eſpecially between man and wife, induced her to cultivate that part of her ſyſtem of morality and œconomy, in order to render it more extenſively uſeful.—For this purpoſe, ſhe contrived what ſhe called a charm for the paſſions; which was a conſidering cap, almoſt as large as a grenadier's, but of three equal ſides; on the firſt of which was written, "I may be wrong;" on the ſecond, "It is fifty to one but you are;" and on the third, "I'll conſider of it." The other parts, on the out-ſide, were filled with odd characters, as unintelligible as the writings of the old Egyptians; but within-ſide there was a direction for its uſe, of the utmoſt conſequence;

it ſtrictly enjoined the poſſeſſor to put on the cap whenever he found his paſſions begin to grow turbulent, and not to deliver a word whilſt it was on,

but with great coolneſs and moderation. As this cap was an univerſal cure for wrong-headedneſs, and prevented numberleſs diſputes and quarrels, it greatly hurt the trade of the poor lawyers, but was of the utmoſt ſervice to the reſt of the community. They were bought by huſbands and wives, who had themſelves frequent occaſion for them, and ſometimes lent them to their children: They were alſo purchaſed in large quantities by maſters and ſervants; by young folks, who were intent on matrimony; by judges, jurymen, and even phyſicians and divines; nay, if we may believe hiſtory, the

legiſlators of the land did not diſdain the uſe of them; and we are told, that when any important debate aroſe, Cap, was the word, and each houſe looked like a grand ſynod of Egyptian prieſts. Nor was this cap of leſs uſe to partners in trade, for with theſe, as well as with huſbands and wives, if one was out of humour, the other threw him the cap, and he was obliged to put it on, and keep it till all was quiet. I myſelf ſaw thirteen caps worn at a time in one family, which could not have ſubſiſted an hour without them; and I was particularly pleaſed at Sir Humphrey Huffum's, to hear a little girl, when her father was out of humour, aſk her mamma, if ſhe ſhould reach down the cap? Theſe caps, indeed, were of ſuch utility, that people of ſenſe never went without them; and it was common in the country, when a booby made his appearance, and talked nonſenſe, to ſay, he had no cap in his pocket.

Advice from Friar Bacon.

What was Fortunatus's wiſhing cap, when compared to this? That cap is ſaid to have conveyed people inſtantly from one place to another; but, as the change of place does not change the temper and diſpoſition of the mind, little benefit can be expected from it; nor indeed is much to be hoped from his famous purſe: That purſe, it is ſaid, was never empty, and ſuch a purſe may be ſometimes convenient; but as money will not purchaſe peace,

it is not neceſſary for a man to encumber himſelf with a great deal of it. Peace and happineſs de-

pend ſo much upon the ſtate of a man's own mind, and upon the uſe of the conſidering cap, that it is generally his own fault, if he is miſerable. One of theſe caps will laſt a man his whole life, and is a diſcovery of much greater importance to the public than the philoſopher's ſtone. Remember what was ſaid by my brazen head, *Time is, Time was, Time is paſt*: Now the *Time is*, therefore buy the cap immediately, and make a proper uſe of it, and be happy before the time is paſt.

Yours,

ROGER BACON.

CHAP. VI.

How Mrs. Margery was taken up for a witch, and what happened on that occaſion.

AND ſo it is true? And they have taken up Mrs. Margery then, and accuſed her of being a witch, only becauſe ſhe was wiſer than ſome of her neighbours! Mercy upon me! People ſtuff children's heads with ſtories of ghoſts, fairies, witches, and ſuch nonſenſe, when they are young, and ſo they continue fools all their days. The whole world ought to be made acquainted with her caſe, and here it is at their ſervice.

The caſe of Mrs. Margery.

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequently obſerved, was always doing good, and thought ſhe could never ſufficiently gratify thoſe who had done any thing to ſerve her. Theſe generous ſentiments naturally led her to conſult the intereſt of Mr. Grove, and the reſt of her neighbours; and as moſt of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by wet weather, ſhe contrived an inſtrument to direct them when to mow their graſs with ſafety, and prevent their hay being ſpoiled.

They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, while moſt of that in the neighbouring villages was ſpoiled.

This made a great noiſe in the country, and ſo provoked were the people in the other pariſhes, that they accuſed her of being a witch, and ſent Gaffer Gooſecap, a buſy fellow in other people's concerns, to find out evidence againſt her. This wiſeacre happened to come to her ſchool, when ſhe was walking about with the raven on one ſhoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the dog by her ſide; which indeed made a droll figure, and ſo ſurprized the man, that he cried out, a witch! a witch! upon this

ſhe, laughing, anſwered, a conjurer! a conjurer! and ſo they parted; but it did not end thus, for a

warrant was iſſued out againſt Mrs. Margery, and ſhe was carried out to a meeting of the juſtices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

At the meeting, one of the juſtices, who knew little of life, and leſs of the law, behaved very idly; and though no body was able to prove any thing againſt her, aſked, who ſhe could bring to her character? Who can you bring againſt my character, Sir, ſays ſhe.—There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it neceſſary; but I never ſuppoſed that any one here could be ſo weak, as to believe there was any ſuch thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and (laying a barometer or weather-glaſs on the table) it is with this, ſays ſhe, that I have taught my neighbours to know the ſtate of the weather.—All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, aſked her accuſers, how they could be ſuch fools, as to think there was any ſuch thing as a witch? It is true, continued he, many innocent and worthy people have been abuſed and even murdered on this abſurd and even fooliſh ſuppoſition; which is a ſcandal to our religion, to our laws, to our nation, and to common ſenſe: but I will tell you a ſtory.

There was in the Weſt of England, a poor induſtrous woman, who laboured under the ſame evil report, which this good woman is accuſed of. Every hog that died with the murrain, every cow hat ſlipt her calf, ſhe was accountable for: If a

horſe had the ſtaggers, ſhe was ſuppoſed to be in his head; and whenever the wind blew a little harder than ordinary, Goody Giles was playing her tricks, and riding upon a broomſtick in the air. Theſe, and a thouſand other phantaſies, too ridiculous to recite, poſſeſſed the pates of the common people; horſe-ſhoes were nailed with the heels upwards, and many tricks made uſe of, to mortify the poor creature; and ſuch was their rage againſt her, that they petitioned Mr. Williams, the parſon of the pariſh, not to let her come to church; and, at at laſt, even inſiſted upon it: But this he overruled, and allowed the poor old woman a nook in one of the iſles to her-ſelf, where ſhe muttered over her prayers in the beſt manner ſhe could. The pariſh, thus diſconcerted and enraged, withdrew the ſmall pittance they allowed for her ſupport, and would have reduced her to the neceſſity of ſtarving, had ſhe not been ſtill aſſiſted by the benevolent Mr. Williams.

But I haſten to the ſequel of my ſtory, in which you will find, that the true ſource from whence witchcraft ſprings is poverty, age, and ignorance; and that it is impoſſible for a woman to paſs for a witch, unleſs ſhe is very poor, very old, and lives in a neighbourhood where the people are void of common ſenſe.

Sometime after, a brother of her's died in London, who, though he would not part with a farthing while he lived, at his death was obliged to leave

her five thouſand pounds, that he could not carry with him.—This altered the face of Jane's affairs prodigiouſly: She was no longer Jane, alias Joan Giles, the ugly old witch, but Madam Giles; her old ragged garb was exchanged for one that was new and genteel; her greateſt enemies made their court to her, even the juſtice himſelf came to wiſh her joy; and though ſeveral hogs and horſes died, and the wind frequently blew afterwards, yet Madam Giles was never ſuppoſed to have a hand in it; and from hence it is plain, as I obſerved before, that a woman muſt be very poor, very old, and live in a neighbourhood, where the people are very ſtupid, before ſhe can poſſibly paſs for a witch.

'Twas a ſaying of Mr. Williams, who would ſometimes be jocoſe, and had the heart of making even ſatire agreeable; that if ever Jane deſerved the character of a witch, it was after this money was left her; for that with her five thouſand pounds, ſhe did more acts of charity and friendly offices, than all the people of fortune within fifty miles of the place.

After this, Sir William inveighed againſt the abſurd and fooliſh notions, which the country people had imbibed concerning witches, and witchcraft, and having proved that there was no ſuch thing, but that all were the effects of folly and ignorance, he gave the court ſuch an account of Mrs. Margery, and her virtue, good ſenſe, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen preſent were enamoured

with her, and returned her public thanks for the great ſervice ſhe had done the country. One gentleman in particular, I mean Sir Charles Jones, had conceived ſuch an high opinion of her, that he offered her a conſiderable ſum to take the care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which, however, ſhe refuſed; but this gentleman, ſending for her afterwards when he had a dangerous fit of illneſs, ſhe went, and behaved ſo prudently in the family, and ſo tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his houſe, but ſoon after made her propoſals of marriage. She was truly ſenſible of the honour he intended her, but, though poor, ſhe would not conſent to be made a lady, till he had effectually provided for his daughter; for ſhe told him, that power was a dangerous thing to be truſted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themſelves into the road of temptation.

All things being ſettled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to ſee the wedding; for they were all glad, that one who had been ſuch a good little girl, and was become ſuch a virtuous and good woman, was juſt going to be made a lady; but juſt as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dreſſed ran into the church, and cried, Stop! ſtop! This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he firſt accoſted, and deſired to ſpeak with them apart. After they had been talk-

ing ſome little time, the people were greatly ſurprized to ſee Sir Charles ſtand motionleſs, and his bride cry, and faint away in the ſtrangers arms. This ſeeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy, which immediately ſucceeded; for you muſt know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, ſo richly dreſſed and bedizened with lace, was that identical little boy, whom you before ſaw in the ſailor's habit; in ſhort, it was little Tom Two-Shoes, Mrs. Margery's brother, who was juſt come from beyond ſea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing, as ſoon as he landed, of his ſiſter's intended wedding, had rode poſt, to ſee that a proper ſettlement was made on her, which he thought ſhe was now entitled to, as he himſelf was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune.—They ſoon returned to the Communion

table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

There is ſomething wonderful in this young gentleman's preſervation and ſucceſs in life; which we ſhall acquaint the reader of in the hiſtory of his life and adventures, which will ſoon be publiſhed.

CHAP VII. and laſt.

The true Uſe of Riches.

THE harmony and affection that ſubſiſted between this happy couple, is inexpreſſible; but time, which diſſolves the cloſeſt union, after ſix years, ſevered Sir Charles from his lady; for being ſeized with a violent fever, he died, and left her full of grief, though poſſeſſed of a large fortune.

We forgot to remark, that after her marriage, Lady Jones (for ſo we muſt now call her) ordered the chapel to be fitted up, and allowed the chaplain a conſiderable ſum out of her own private purſe, to viſit the ſick, and ſaid prayers every day to all the people that could attend.—She alſo gave Mr. Johnſon ten guineas a year, to preach a ſermon annually, on the neceſſity and duties of the marriage ſtate; and on the deceaſe of Sir Charles, ſhe gave him ten more, to preach yearly on the ſubject of

death; ſhe had put all the pariſh into mourning for the loſs of her huſband; and to thoſe men who attended this yearly ſervice, ſhe gave harveſt gloves, to their wives ſhoes and ſtockings, and to all the children little books and plumb cakes: We muſt alſo obſerve, that ſhe herſelf wove a chaplet of flowers, and before the ſervice, placed it on his grave ſtone; and a ſuitable pſalm was always ſung by the congregation.

About this time, ſhe heard that Mr. Smith was oppreſſed by Sir Timothy Gripe, the Juſtice, and his friend Graſpall, who endeavoured to deprive him of part of his tithes; upon which ſhe, in conjunction with her brother, defended him, and the cauſe was tried in Weſtminſter hall, where Mr. Smith gained a verdict; and it appearing that Sir Timothy had behaved moſt ſcandalouſly as a Juſtice of the Peace, he was ſtruck of the liſt, and no longer permitted to act in that capacity. This was a cut to a man of his imperious diſpoſition, and this was followed by one yet more ſevere; for a relation of his who had an undoubted right to the Mouldwell eſtate, finding that it was poſſible to get the better at law of a rich man, laid claim to it, brought his action, and recovered the whole manor of Mouldwell, and being afterwards inclined to ſell it, he, in conſideration of the aid Lady Margery had lent him during his diſtreſs, made her the firſt offer, and ſhe purchaſed the whole, and threw it into different farms, that the poor might be no longer under the dominion of two overgrown men.

This was a great mortification to Sir Timothy, as well as to his friend Graſpall, who from this time experienced nothing but misfortunes, and was in a few years ſo diſpoſſeſſed of his ill-gotten wealth, that his family were reduced to ſeek ſubſiſtence from the pariſh, at which thoſe who had felt the weight of his iron hand rejoiced; but lady Margery deſired that his children might be treated with care and tenderneſs; for they, ſays ſhe, are no ways accountable for the actions of their father.

At her firſt coming into power, ſhe took care to gratify her old friends, eſpecially Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whoſe family ſhe made happy.—She paid great regard to the poor, made their intereſt her own, and to induce them to come regularly to church, ſhe ordered a loaf, or the price of a loaf, to be given to every one who would accept of it. This brought many of them to church, who by degrees learned their duty, and then came on a more noble principle. She alſo took care to encourage matrimony; and in order to induce her tenants and neighbours to enter into that happy ſtate, ſhe always gave the young couple ſomething towards houſekeeping; and ſtood Godmother to all their children, whom ſhe had in parties, every Sunday evening, to teach them their catechiſm, and lecture them in religion and morality; after which ſhe treated them with a ſupper, gave them ſuch books as they wanted, and then diſpatched them with her bleſſing.

Nor did ſhe forget them at her death, but left each a legacy, as will be ſeen among other charitable donations when we publiſh her will, which we may do in ſome future volume.—There is one bequeſt however ſo ſingular, that we cannot help taking ſome notice of it in this place; which is, that of her giving ſo many acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor of any pariſh who would come and fetch them for the uſe of their families; but if any took them to ſell they were deprived of that privilege ever after. And theſe roots were planted and raiſed from the rent ariſing from a farm which ſhe had aſſigned over for that purpoſe. In ſhort, ſhe was a mother to the poor, a phyſician to the ſick, and a friend to all who were in diſtreſs. Her life was the greateſt bleſſing, and her death the greateſt calamity that ever was felt in the neighbourhood. A monument, but without inſcription, was erected to her memory in the church-yard, over which the poor as they paſs weep continually, ſo that the ſtone is ever bathed in tears.

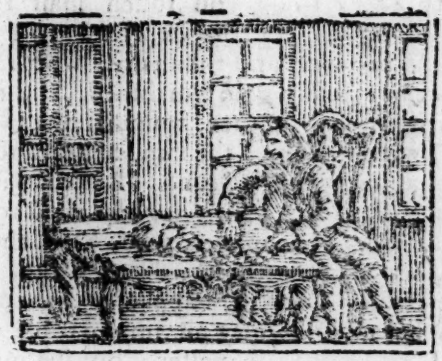
On this occaſion the following lines were ſpoken extempore by a young gentleman.

How vain the tears that fall from you,
And here ſupply the place of dew!
How vain to weep the happy dead,
Who now to heavenly realms are fled!
Repine no more, your plaints forbear,
And all prepare to meet them there.

APPENDIX.

THE GOLDEN DREAM:

Or, THE INGENUOUS CONFESSION.



TO ſhow the depravity of human nature, and how apt the mind is to be miſled by trinkets and falſe appearances, Mrs. Two-Shoes does acknowledge, that after ſhe became rich, ſhe had like to have been too fond of money; for on ſeeing her huſband receive a very large ſum, her heart went pit pat, pit pat, all the evening, and ſhe began to think that guineas were pretty things. To ſuppreſs this turbulence of mind, which was a ſymptom of approaching avarice, ſhe ſaid her prayers earlier

than uſual, and at night had the following dream, which I ſhall relate in her own words.

" Methought, as I ſlept, a Genii ſtept up to me with a French commode, which having placed on my head, he ſaid now go and be happy, for from henceforth every thing you touch ſhall turn to gold. Willing to try the experiment, I gently touched the bed-poſt and furniture, which immediately became maſſy gold burniſhed, and of ſurpriſing brightneſs. I then touched the walls of the houſe, which aſſumed the ſame appearance, and looked amazingly magnificent. Elated with this wonderful gift, I ran haſtily for my maid to carry the joyful news to her maſter, who, as I thought, was then walking in the garden. Sukey came, but in the ecſtacy I was in, happening to touch her hand, ſhe became inſtantly an immoveable ſtatue. Go, ſaid I, and call your maſter; but ſhe made no reply, nor could ſhe ſtir. Upon this I ſhrieked, and in came my dear huſband, whom I ran to embrace; when no ſooner had I touched him, but he became good for nothing, that is, good for nothing but his weight in gold; and that you know could be nothing where gold was ſo plenty. At this inſtant up came another ſervant with a glaſs of water, thinking me ill; this I attempted to ſwallow, but no ſooner did it touch my mouth, than it became a hard ſolid body, and unfit for drinking. My diſtreſs now grew inſupportable! I had deſtroyed, as I thought, my dear huſband, and my

favourite ſervant; and I plainly perceived, that I ſhould die for want in the midſt of ſo much wealth. Ah, ſaid I, why did I long for riches! Having enough already, why did I covet more? Thus terrified, I began to rave, and beat my breaſt, which awakened Sir Charles, who kindly called me from this ſtate of inquietude, and compoſed my mind."

This ſcene I have often conſidered as a leſſon, inſtructing me, that a load of riches bring, inſtead of felicity, a load of troubles; and that the only ſource of happineſs is contentment—Go, therefore, you who have too much, and give it to thoſe who are in want; ſo ſhall you be happy yourſelves, by making others happy. This is a precept from the Almighty, a precept which muſt be regarded; for, *The Lord is about your paths, and about your bed, and ſpieth out all your ways.*

An Anecdote, reſpecting Tom Two-Shoes, communicated by a gentleman, who is now writing the hiſtory of his life.

IT is generally known, that Tom Two-Shoes went to ſea, when he was a very little boy, and very poor, and he returned a very great man, and very rich; but no one knows how he acquired ſo much wealth but himſelf, and a few friends, who have peruſed the papers from which I am compiling the hiſtory of his life.

After Tom had been at ſea ſome years, he was unfortunately caſt away, on that part of the coaſt of Africa inhabited by the Hottentots. Here he met with a ſtrange book, which the Hottentots did not underſtand, and which gave him ſome account of Preſter John's country; and being a lad of great curioſity and reſolution, he determined to ſee it; accordingly he ſet out on the purſuit, attended by a young lion, which he had tamed, and made ſo fond of him, that he followed him like a dog, and obeyed all his commands: and indeed it was happy for him that he had ſuch a companion; for as his road lay through large woods and foreſts that were full of wild beaſts, and without inhabitants, he

muſt have been ſoon ſtarved or torn in pieces, had he not been both fed and protected by this noble animal.

Tom had provided himſelf with two guns, a ſword, and as much powder and ball as he could carry; with theſe arms and ſuch a companion, it was mighty eaſy for him to get food; for the animals in theſe wild and extenſive foreſts, having never ſeen the effects of a gun, readily ran from the lion, who hunted on one ſide, to Tom, who hunted on the other, ſo they were either caught by the lion, or ſhot by his maſter: and it was pleaſant enough, after a hunting match, and the meat was dreſſed, to ſee how cheek by jowl they ſat down to dinner.

When they came into the land of Utopia, he diſcovered the ſtatue of a man erected on an open plain, which had this inſcription on the pedeſtal:

On May-day in the morning, when the ſun riſes, I ſhall have a head of gold. As it was now the latter

end of April, he ſtayed to ſee this wonderful change; and in the mean time, inquiring of a poor ſhepherd, what was the reaſon of the ſtatue being erected there, and with that inſcription, he was informed that it was ſet up many years ago by an Arabian philoſopher, who travelled all the world over in ſearch of a real friend; that he lived with, and was extremely fond of a great man, who inhabited the next mountain; but that on ſome occaſion they quarrelled, and the philoſopher, leaving the mountain, retired into the plain, where he erected this ſtatue with his own hands, and ſoon after died. To this he added, that all the people for many leagues round came there every May morning, expecting to ſee the ſtone head turned to gold.

Tom got up early on the firſt of May to behold this amazing change, and when he came near the ſtatue he ſaw a number of people, who all ran away from him in the utmoſt conſternation, having never before ſeen a lion follow a man like a lap-dog. Being thus left alone, he fixed his eyes on the ſun, then riſing with reſplendent majeſty, and afterwards turned to the ſtatue, but could ſee no change in the ſtone.—Surely, ſays he to himſelf, there is ſome myſtical meaning in this! This inſcription muſt be an Ænigma, the hidden meaning of which I will endeavour to find; for a philoſopher would never expect a ſtone to be turned to gold: accordingly he meaſured the length of the ſhadow, which the

ſtatue gave on the ground by the ſun ſhining on it, and marked that particular part where the head fell, then getting a chopneſs (a thing like a ſpade) and digging, he diſcovered a copper cheſt, full of gold, with this inſcription engraven on the lid of it:

Thy WIT,

Oh man! whoever thou art,
Hath diſcloſed the Ænigma,
And diſcovered the Golden Head.
Take it and uſe it,
But uſe it with Wiſdom;
For know,
That Gold, properly employed,
May diſpenſe bleſſings,
And promote the happineſs of mortals;
But when hoarded up,
Or miſapply'd,
Is but traſh, that makes mankind miſerable.
Remember
The unprofitable ſervant,
Who hid his talent in a napkin;
And
The profligate ſon,
Who ſquandered away his ſubſtance,
And fed with the Swine.
As thou haſt got the Golden Head,
Obſerve the Golden Mean,
Be good, and be happy.

This leſſon coming, as it were, from the dead, ſtruck him with ſuch awe and reverence for piety and virtue, that before he removed the treaſure, he kneeled down, and earneſtly and fervently prayed that he might make a prudent, juſt and proper uſe of it. He then conveyed the cheſt away; but how he got it to England, the reader will be informed in the hiſtory of his life. It may not be improper, however, in this place, to give the reader ſome account of the philoſopher who hid this treaſure, and took ſo much pains to find a true and real friend to enjoy it. As Tom had reaſon to venerate his memory, he was very particular in his inquiry, and had this character of him;—that he was a man well acquainted with nature and with trade; that he was pious, friendly, and of a ſweet and affable diſpoſition; that he had acquired a fortune by commerce, and having no relations to leave it to, he travelled thro' Arabia, Perſia, India, Lybia, and Utopia, in ſearch of a real friend. In this purſuit he found ſeveral, with whom he exchanged good offices, and that were polite and obliging, but they often flew off for trifles, or as ſoon as he pretended to be in diſtreſs, and requeſted their aſſiſtance, left him to ſtruggle with his own difficulties. So true is that copy in our books, which ſays, *Adverſity is the touchſtone of friendſhip*. At laſt, however, he met with the Utopian Philoſopher, or the Wiſe Man of the Mountain as he is called, and thought in him he had found the friend he wanted; for though he

often pretended to be in distress, and abandoned to the frowns of fortune, this man always relieved him, and with such cheerfulness and sincerity, that concluding he had found out the only man to whom he ought to open both his purse and his heart, he let him so far into his secrets, as to desire his assistance in hiding a large sum of money, which he wanted to conceal, lest the prince of the country, who was absolute, should by the advice of his wicked minister, put him to death for his gold. The two philosophers met and hid the money, which the stranger, after some days, went to see, but found it gone. How he was struck to the heart, when he found that his friend, whom he had often tried, and who had relieved him in his distress, could not withstand this temptation, but broke through the sacred bonds of friendship, and turned even a thief for gold which he did not want, as he was already very rich. Oh! said he, what is the heart of man made of? Why am I condemned to live among people who have no sincerity, and who barter the most sacred ties of friendship and humanity for the dirt that we tread on? Had I lost my gold, and found a real friend, I should have been happy with the exchange, but now I am most miserable. After some time he wiped of his tears, and being determined not to be so imposed on, he had recourse to cunning, and the arts of life. He went to his pretended friend with a cheerful countenance, told him he had more gold to hide,

and desired him to appoint a time when they might go together, and open the earth to put it into the same pot; the other, in hopes of getting more wealth, appointed the next evening.

They went together, opened the ground, and found the money they had first placed there, for the artful wretch he so much confided in, had conveyed it again into the pot, in order to obtain more. Our philosopher immediately took the gold, and putting it into his pocket, told the other he had now altered his mind, and should bury it no more, till he found a man more worthy of his confidence. See what people lose by being dishonest. This calls to my mind the words of the poet:

"A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief's a Rod,
An honest Man's the noblest Work of God."

Remember this story and take care whom you trust; but don't be covetous, sordid, and miserable; for the gold we have is but lent us to do good with. We received all from the hand of God, and every person in distress hath a just title to a portion of it.

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